Enter Salisbury and Warwicke.

Edward. See noble Father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the houſe of *Yorke.*
Sal. Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of *Yorkes* encreaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou haſt preſeru'd my life.
Yorke. VVhat ſay you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I heere to hold a Parliament.
VVhat ſaies Lord *Warwicke*, ſhall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my faith Lords, t'was a glorious day,
Saint *Albones* battaile wonne by famous *Yorke*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

The Second Part.

Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the *good King Henrie the* Sixt.

Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Warwicke, the Duke of Norfolke, Marqueſſe Mountague, Edward Earle of March, then Crooke backe Richard, and the young Earle of Rutland, with drum and ſouldiers, with white Roſes in their hats.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our hands.
Yorke. Whilſt we purſu'd the horſemen of the North,
He ſlily ſtole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreſt
Brake in, and were by th'hands of common ſouldiers ſlaine.
Edward. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerouſly,